

*Ang.* Then must your brother die.

*Isa.* And 'twere the cheaper way:  
Better it were a brother died at once,  
Then that a sister, by redeeming him,  
Should die for ever.

*Ang.* Were not you then as cruel as the Sentence,  
That you have slander'd so?

*Isa.* Ignomie in ranome, and free pardon  
Are of two houses: lawfull mercie,  
Is nothing kin to fowle redemption.

*Ang.* You seem'd of late to make the Law a tyrant,  
And rather prou'd the sliding of your brother  
A meriment, then a vice.

*Isa.* Oh pardon me my Lord, it oft fals out  
To haue, what we would haue,  
We speake not what we meane;  
I something do excuse the thing I hate,  
For his aduantage that I dearely loue.

*Ang.* We are all fraile.  
*Isa.* Else let my brother die,  
If not a fedarie but onely he  
Owe, and succeed thy weaknesse.

*Ang.* Nay, women are fraile too.  
*Isa.* I, as the glasses where they view themselves,  
Which are as easie broke as they make formes;  
Women? Helpe heauen; men their creation marre  
In profitting by them: Nay, call vs ten times fraile,  
For we are lost, as our complexions are,  
And credulous to false prints.

*Ang.* I thinke it well:  
And from this testimonie of your owne sex  
(Since I suppose we are made to be no stronger  
Then faults may shake our frames) let me be bold;  
I do arrest your words. Be that you are,  
That is a woman; if you be more, you're none.  
If you be one (as you are well exprest  
By all externall warrants) shew it now,  
By putting on the destin'd Luerie.

*Isa.* I haue no tongue but one; gentle my Lord,  
Let me entreate you speake the former language.

*Ang.* Plainly conceiue I loue you.

*Isa.* My brother did loue *Iuliet*,  
And you tell me that he shall die for't.

*Ang.* He shall not *Isabell* if you giue me loue.

*Isa.* I know your vertue hath a licence in't,  
Which seemes a little fouler then it is,  
To plucke on others.

*Ang.* Beleeue me on mine Honor,  
My words expresse my purpose.

*Isa.* Ha? Little honor, to be much beleeu'd,  
And most peraitious purpose: Seeming, seeming.  
I will proclaime thee *Angelo*, looke for't:  
Signe me a present pardon for my brother,  
Or with an out-stretcht throte, Ile tell the world aloud  
What man thou art.

*Ang.* Who will beleeue thee *Isabell*?

My vnsoild name, th'aufternesse of my life,  
My vouch against you, and my place in'th State,  
Will so your accusation ouer-weigh,  
That you shall stifle in your owne report,  
And smell of calumnie. I haue begun,  
And now I giue my sensuall race, the reine;  
Fit thy consent to my sharpe appetite,  
Lay by all nicetie, and prolixious blushes  
That banish what they sue for: Redeeme thy brother,  
By yeelding vp thy bodie to my will,

Or else he must not onely die the death,  
But thy vnkindnesse shall his death draw out  
To lingring sufferance: Answer me to morrow,  
Or by the affection that now guides me most,  
Ile proue a Tyrant to him. As for you,  
Say what you can; my false, ore-weighs your true. *Exit*

*Isa.* To whom should I complaine? Did I tell this,  
Who would beleeue me? O perillous mouthes  
That beare in them, one and the selfsame tongue,  
Either of condemnation, or approofe,  
Bidding the Law make curtisie to their will,  
Hooking both right and wrong to th'appetite,  
To follow as it drawes, Ile to my brother,  
Though he hath false by prompture of the blood,  
Yet hath he in him such a minde of Honor,  
That had he twentie heads to tender downe  
On twentie bloodie blockes, he'd yeeld them vp,  
Before his sister should her bodie steepe  
To such abhord pollution.

Then *Isabell* liue chaste, and brother die;  
"More then our Brother, is our Chastitie.  
Ile tell him yet of *Angelo*'s request,  
And sit his minde to death, for his soules rest. *Exit*

### Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

*Enter Duke, Claudio, and Pronost.*

*Du.* So then you hope of pardon from Lord *Angelo*?  
*Cla.* The miserable haue no other medicine  
But onely hope: I haue hope to liue, and am prepar'd to die.

*Duke.* Be absolute for death: either death or life  
Shall thereby be the sweeter. Reason thus with life:  
If I do loose thee, I do loose a thing  
That none but fooles would keepe: a breath thou art,  
Seruile to all the skye-influences,  
That dost this habitation where thou keepst  
Hourly afflict: Meerely, thou art death's foole,  
For him thou labourst by thy flight to shun,  
And yet runst toward him still. Thou art not noble,  
For all th'accommodations that thou bearest,  
Are nurst by basenesse: Thou'rt by no meanes valiant,  
For thou dost feare the soft and tender forke  
Of a poore worme: thy best of rest is sleepe,  
And that thou oft prouokst, yet grossely fearest  
Thy death, which is no more. Thou art not thy selfe,  
For thou exist'st on manie a thousand graines  
That issue out of dust. Happie thou art not,  
For what thou hast not, still thou striu'st to get,  
And what thou hast forgetst: Thou art not certaine,  
For thy complexion shifts to strange effects,  
After the Moone: If thou art rich, thou'rt poore,  
For like an Ass, whose backe with Ingots bowes;  
Thou bearest thy heauie riches but a iournie,  
And death vnloads thee; Friend hast thou none.  
For thine owne bowels which do call thee, fire  
The meere effusion of thy proper loines  
Do curse the Gout, Sapego, and the Rheume  
For ending thee no sooner. Thou hast nor youth, nor age  
But as it were an after-dinner sleepe  
Dreaming on both, for all thy blessed youth  
Becomes as aged, and doth begge the almes  
Of palsied Eld: and when thou art old, and rich

Thou

Thou hast neither heate, affection, limbe, nor beautie  
To make thy riches pleasant: what's yet in this  
That beares the pame of life? Yet in this life,  
Lie hid moe thousand deaths; yet death we feare  
That makes these oddes, all euen.

*Cla.* I humblye thanke you.  
To sue to liue, I finde I seeke to die,  
And seeking death, finde life: Let it come on.

*Enter Isabell.*

*Isab.* What hoa? Peace heere; Grace, and good com-  
panie.

*Pro.* Who's there? Come in, the wish deserues a  
welcome.

*Duke.* Deere sir, ere long Ile visit you againe.

*Cla.* Most holie Sir, I thanke you.

*Isa.* My businesse is a word or two with *Claudio*.

*Pro.* And verie welcom: looke Signior, here's your  
sister.

*Duke.* Prouost, a word with you.

*Pro.* As manie as you please.

*Duke.* Bring them to heare me speake, where I may be  
conceal'd.

*Cla.* Now sister, what's the comfort?

*Isa.* Why,

As all comforts are: most good, most good indeede,  
Lord *Angelo* hauing affaires to heauen  
Intends you for his swift Ambassador,  
Where you shall be an euerlasting Leiger;  
Therefore your best appointment make with speed,  
To Morrow you set on.

*Cla.* Is there no remedie?

*Isa.* None; but such remedie, as to saue a head

To cleaue a heart in twaine:

*Cla.* But is there anie?

*Isa.* Yes brother, you may liue;

There is a diuellish mercie in the Iudge,

If you'll implore it, that will free your life,

But fetter you till death.

*Cla.* Perpetuall durance?

*Isa.* Iust, perpetuall durance, a restraint

Through all the worlds validitie you had

To a determin'd scope.

*Cla.* But in what nature?

*Isa.* In such a one, as you consenting too't,  
Would barke your honor from that trunk you beare,  
And leaue you naked.

*Cla.* Let me know the point.

*Isa.* Oh, I do feare thee *Claudio*, and I quake,

Least thou a fearous life shouldst entertaine,

And fix or seuen winters more respect

Then a perpetuall Honor. Dar'st thou die?

The sense of death is most in apprehension,

And the poore Beetle that we treade vpon

In corporall sufferance, finds a pang as great,

As when a Giant dies.

*Cla.* Why giue you me this shame?

Thinke you I can a resolution fetch

From slowie rendernesse? If I must die,

I will encounter darknesse as a bride,

And hugge it in mine armes.

*Isa.* There spake my brother: there my fathers graue

Did utter forth a voice. Yes, thou must die:

Thou art too noble, to conserue a life

In base appliances. This outward sainted Deputie,

Whose fild visage, and deliberate word

Nips youth in'th head, and follies doth enmew

Thy frowne, as a garland, will this day

Wreath thee in winnowie.

As Falcon doth the F  
His filth within being  
A pond, as deepe as

*Cla.* The prenzie,

*Isa.* Oh 'tis the cu

The damnest bodie to

In prenzie gardes; de

If I would yeeld him

Thou might'st be free

*Cla.* Oh heauens,

*Isa.* Yes, he woul

So to offend him still,

That I should do wha

Or else thou diest to

*Cla.* Thou shalt n

*Isa.* O, were it but

I'de throw it downe

As frankly as a pin.

*Cla.* Thankes de

*Isa.* Be readie *Cla*

*Cla.* Yes. Has h

That thus can make

When he would force

Or of the deadly feue

*Isa.* Which is the

*Cla.* If it were dan

Why would he for th

Be perdurable fin'de

*Isa.* What saies m

*Cla.* Death is a fe

*Isa.* And shamed

*Cla.* I, but to die,

To lie in cold obstru

This sensible warme

A kneaded clod; And

To bath in fierie flood

In thrilling Region o

To be imprison'd in t

And blowne with res

The pendant world:

Of those, that lawless

Imagine howling, 'tis

The weariest, and mo

That Age, Ache, peri

Can lay on nature, is

To what we feare of d

*Isa.* Alas, alas.

*Cla.* Sweet Sister,

What sinne you do, to

Nature dispenses with

That it becomes a ver

*Isa.* Oh you bea

Oh faithlesse Coward

Wilt thou be made a

Is't not a kinde of Inc

From thine owne siste

Heauen shield my Mo

For such a warped slip

Nere issu'd from his bl

Die, perish: Might bu

Repreece thee from th

Ile pray a thousand p

No word to saue thee

*Cla.* Nay heare me

*Isa.* Oh fie, fie, fie

Thy sinne's not accide